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on which it is placed. The Art of Wood Engraving has been recently carried to an astonishing and unexampled pitch of excellence in Britain—a consequent result of that general diffusion of knowledge of the principles of light and shadow, and of picturesque effect, which constitute two of the chief characteristics of modern British Art. But this success should not tempt the wood-engraver from his proper sphere—ne sutor ultra crepidam. We respect and admire the elephant very much, but have no desire to see him, or her, (for we believe the one most in vogue at present is a lady,) dancing a hornpipe—and much as we like the brazen serpent—we mean the musical instrument so called—as a fundamental bass in an orchestra, it would give us but little pleasure to hear it grunting out, (we cannot use the appropriate term,) in ever so captivating a style, a solo concerto. By the way, talking of wood cuts, has the reader ever seen “Northcote’s Fables,” published about a year since? Probably he has not—yet it is, of its kind, one of the most beautiful of books!

*Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with the First Principles of Analytic Geometry.* By James Thomson, L.L.D., Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College. Second Edition, Belfast, Simms and McIntyre. 1830.

THOUGH this is called a second edition, it is, in fact, the first offered to the public; the former having been intended chiefly as a text-book for Dr. Thomson’s pupils, and written as an outline to be filled up and illustrated orally in his lectures. In the present edition “the investigations are given at such length as to be easily understood by readers of ordinary talents and attainments;” and it has been the author’s aim, to comprise in a small compass, useful and interesting matter, “so that the person who shall make himself well acquainted with what it contains, will find it easy to acquire a knowledge of all that is yet known in Trigonometry, and to apply it to Astronomy, and other branches of Science.” Dr. Thomson’s high character as a Mathematician, and the deserved success of his Treatises on Arithmetic and Modern Geography, are powerful recommendations of the present work; whilst the execution of it, both in printing and plates, is highly creditable to the press of Belfast, and shows that excellence in this department is not confined to the capital, but is to be found also in at least one of our provincial towns.

*A Compendium of Astronomy, and an Astronomical Dictionary, designed for the Youth of both sexes.* By R. T. Linnington.—London, Whittaker and Treacher. 1830.

THIS Compendium aims simply at offering a methodical arrangement of the elementary parts of astronomical science, collected from the latest works of the most eminent astronomers. As a popular compilation, introductory to more profound and scientific works upon the subject, we can warmly recommend it, as a clear and intelligent treatise, full of useful information to the uninitiated; and easily understood. There are few, if any, mathematical calculations employed in the work, but, as a mere Introduction to works of a higher order, we prefer it considerably to Ferguson or Keill, and it is less bulky than either. To the treatise itself, an *Astronomical Dictionary* is subjoined, compris-

ing an explanation of all the astronomical terms in general use, a brief memoir of the most celebrated astronomers of all times and places, an account of the different constellations, of the instruments chiefly used in astronomical observations, and a variety of desirable information. The writer is a teacher in the City-Road, London.

*The Ghost of Freedom; or, a Voice from the Stone on which the Treaty of Limerick was signed. A satirical Poem on the History of Ireland; with Notes.* By Michael Sellers.—Dublin, 1830.

A copy of a coarse-looking little book, under the above astonishing title, was left some time ago at our office. We dipped into Canto 15, and read as follows:—

“But Billy had also some reason to know,  
That he had some friends in the island of green,  
Fortune planted seed which corruption let grow,  
While virtue denied the poor papist a screen.”

We thought this rather a bad hit of the satirical rogue, and turned over a new leaf in hope of something better; this was our reward:—

“But tho’ James had bequeathed his warriors to chance,  
Tho’ fortune did frown on their fate at the Boyne,  
The trumpet of fame still bid them advance,  
For in Limerick the females were ready to join.  
And the man attended to the woman’s call;  
The brave indignant soul was burning,  
Death, or Glory! let us fall:  
Let Limerick’s ruins be our mourning.”

The sublimity of this passage was too powerful to admit of our reading a word farther; we laid the *Ghost of Freedom* on our shelf, among the rest of the rubbish, never, we hope, to rise again.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

*The Monthly Magazine.* February.

THE articles are not so well worked-up in this, or indeed in any of the Magazines, as in *Blackwood*, but this is a lively, varied, and entertaining Number. Walks in Ireland are better than usual, though they are generally good. The Devil’s Mill, a Lucan, or rather Luttrellstown story, reminds us strongly of a German tradition, from which we more than suspect it is principally borrowed. We think the German story has somewhere appeared in an English dress; our own recollection of it is a little misty, but it runs somewhat thus:

The Devil’s Mill.—(From the German.)

There is a mountain called Ramberg, in the district of the Harz, the peak of which is crowned with enormous blocks of granite, piled in gigantic masses of the most fantastic shape. If the reader happens to be acquainted with the rocks called the Needles, near the Bailey, in the Bay of Dublin, and imagine them ten times as high, and based upon a lofty cliff, he will have some conception of the group in question, which, like the structure on the road to Lucan, is called the Devil’s Mill.

At the foot of the mountain, a mill once stood, raised in the ordinary way, by human hands. It had provided bread to many successive generations of jolly millers, till at length a peevish discontented tenant got possession, who continually grumbled at every thing about him, but especially, that in the shelter of the valley, he could seldom get a cap-full of wind to drive his mill. In the depth of his discontent,

after a three days’ calm, during which he could not grind a grain, he wished in the bitterness of his heart, that the devil would fly away with his mill, and fix it on the highest pinnacle of the peak of the Ramberg.

Parlez du diable et voila sa queue. Auld Hornie was at his elbow in the twinkling of a bedstaff, with a “what’s your will,” on his tongue’s end, and a ready promise of complaisance with the wish of the miller, or rather an engagement to build a new and much better mill on the proposed site, on the usual condition of leasing his soul and the mill together, for a term of years, after which they were to revert to the new proprietor.

Eager as the miller was for a nice new mill, on the top of the Ramberg, he demurred for some time to the condition of the horned devil. At length, however, the calm continuing, and his customers growing importunate for their flour, he sullenly assented to the stipulation, scratched his arm with a bit of glass, and sealed the compact with his blood; while the Devil, on his part, agreed to build a perfect model of corn-mills, on the appointed spot, before cock-crow the next morning. Night fell, cold and dark, dreary and wet, and dismal, but the Devil was in his element, and worked like himself, while his brother demons tossed him the huge granite rocks, each in itself a mountain, from the summit of the neighbouring Blocsberg, as easily as an Irishman could throw stones to a pavour in the plains of Piccadilly.

Many hands make light work—the mill was speedily completed, and the Devil called down upon the miller to request he would step up, and see how he liked the job. Gladly would the miller have been spared the excursion at such a time and place, and in such company, but old Sootie cried “honour among thieves,” and the reluctant miller was obliged to comply, his only remaining hope being that he might find some defect in the mill, which would enable him to refuse taking it off the builder’s hands as a finished structure.

Now it happened some years before this, that the miller had married a wife, and she was a gentle and pious woman, though mated to so wicked a husband, and she saw and feared the visits of the tall, ill-looking man with the lame foot, and she prayed Heaven to avert all evil and mischief from her husband, and when she saw he was going away from his home with the ill-favoured stranger, at that suspicious hour of the night, she did not attempt to restrain him, for that she knew would only inflame his determined obstinacy, but she besought him to take their eldest little boy with him, to keep him company, for, she said in her heart, if he be tempted to mischief, he will look on little Hans, and withhold his hand from harm, for our innocent child’s sake.

So the miller took his son in his hand, and set out with Auld Clotie for their guide, and scaled up the rough and shingly side of the mountain, as easily and swiftly as ever they glided over the green sward in summer, but the miller trembled as he went for all that, and stood aghast, when on reaching the ridge of the hill, the moon, emerging from behind a dense mass of dark vapours, discovered a stupendous mill of faultless finish, which a rising gust set in full motion, wanting nothing but corn, in order to yield a plentiful supply of the finest flour imaginable. But the miller had read the Bible in his youth, and heard it upon Sundays still, and both as he climbed the mountain, and gazed